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ROUSING OFFERS
TO
EVERY SUBSCRIBER.**

**First Offer:
THE WEEKLY GLOBE**

Will be Sent, Free of Postage.

FROM NOW

Until

MARCH 4, 1885,

The Entire Presidential Campaign

TO CLUBS OF 5, FOR \$5

(With Every Club of 5 an Extra
Copy Free, 6 Copies for \$5, to
4th March, 1885.)

**Second Offer:
THE WEEKLY GLOBE**

Will be Sent, Free of Postage,

FROM NOW

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MARCH 4, 1885,

The Entire Presidential Campaign,

TO EVERY PERSON

Who, in addition to his subscription of \$1, sends at the same time One, Two, Three or Four Subscribers, at \$1 Each.

EVERY SINGLE SUBSCRIBER

Who sends His Own Subscription Only, and \$1, will Receive the

WEEKLY GLOBE

Only 12 Months.

The Campaign Offer

Is made to induce Every Subscriber to Help Increase the Circulation of THE GLOBE in his neighborhood. This can be done very easily by Showing Sample Copies. Send for Free Sample Copies.

Boston Weekly Globe.

TUESDAY, DEC. 25, 1883.

A PRIZE STORY

will begin about January 2. It has qualities which will make it one of the most successful serials ever published in this country. Every body will read it. Subscribe at once, and receive the opening chapters.

ARE YOU FORMING A CLUB?

Have you shown a sample copy of THE GLOBE to all your neighbors and friends? You have only to call attention to its unequalled merits as a family newspaper and to the long-time offer, and you will secure a large number of subscribers. Let every subscriber and every one who reads this notice form a rousing club.

A NEW ENGLAND INSTANCE.

The observance of Christmas gifts and Christmas greens, Christmas holidays and Christmas feasting, Christmas greeting and Christmas good cheer, are comparatively new things in New England. They are the evolution of the new lightness and gladness that the stern Puritan stock were so long in permitting to enter their lives. Elderly men and women can tell how in their youth Christmas was hardly recognized, and how their own staid elders would have been shocked beyond expression at the idea of the modern merry-making. They can tell, too, how when they heard the children of less strict households talk about the good things of Christmas they listened in open-eyed wonder and wistfully asked one another, "What is Christmas?"

A striking comparison it is between that time of grim, upright, down-right, rectangular, uncompromising, iron-bronze—what should it be called?—purity; hardly; rather, horror of happiness—and the present universal recognition of Christmas as the one season of all the year most fit for merry-making and enjoyment, for being happy oneself and making everybody else happy. A time when, from the Vendome to the Little Wanderer's Home, there is no one in the city of Boston who cannot share in Christmas good cheer, when not a child in any section of the city, who can be reached by the loving hands of charity, is shut out from the knowledge of what Christmas is, or who cannot take part in its happy times, when Santa Claus and Puck keep merry company from end to end of the city—in such a time, whether the world is growing better or worse, it is certainly becoming gladder and happier.

It is not the least thing for which not only the children but also the men and women of this day and generation may be thankful, that they live in a time which makes so much of Christmas, and when it is the proper thing for each person both to be happy himself and to make some one else happy. Even for the most fortunate life has so much of the sorrowful that no one can afford to miss any possible good cheer. There is so much of actual misery in the world and so much possible happiness that it is a tragedy for any life to miss a moment of happiness it might have had or which rightfully belonged to it. There is more gladness and happiness for the New England child of today—and, therefore, too, for the New England man and woman of today—than for those of thirty years ago. And this is no small blessing.

SENATOR BLAIR ON INALIENABLE RIGHTS.

Now, can Mr. SEAYER or any other advocate of manual training tell why a boy in the public schools should be taught the use of a saw or a jack-plane any more than his sister should be taught how to handle a needle, a broom, a sewing machine, or a frying-pan? Every one of the arguments with which they defend their proposition can be used to show the necessity of training girls in the use of household utensils.

Does the present system send boys into mercantile employments? It is also separating girls from household duties. Are boys deficient in knowledge of the uses of tools? A constantly larger number of girls is growing up ignorant of the uses of household utensils. Is manual training "essential to the right and full development of the human mind" of the boy? Then it must be equally necessary for that of the girl. And the "laboratory method—the workshop way," which Mr. SEAYER praises as the great recommendation of manual training, points out that that development for the girl would be best gained by training her in the use of the everyday implements with which the home she will be expecting to bring order out of chaos.

In all logic, one by one the duties of the parent will be absorbed by the school teacher. The home will become only the place where the child lodges and is fed, the parent only the provider of its bed and board, while the schoolroom becomes the place where it is reared, the schoolmaster its intellectual, moral and physical keeper. The schoolmaster is the one to whom the parents will leave and to whom the child will look for the gaining of knowledge, the teaching of morals, the training of muscles and the acquiring of all its practical information.

I am not an old fogey. I desire to see the public schools improved as much as is consistently possible. But when the proposition comes up of teaching the boy how to plane and saw and hammer, and in all consistency, his sister to sew and sweep and cook, all at the public cost, I must say that I think it is a movement that is not progress. It will end if the movement of other educational ideas can be taken as a criterion, and there is any proof in the natural development of ideas, in the teaching of trades in the public schools.

JAY GOULD displayed his contempt for the people and the law by failing to appear when drawn on a jury in Greenburg, and not even descending to send any explanation. The judge of the court displayed his subserviency to wealth by saying nothing about Mr. GOULD's non-appearance.

Concerning that "so-called higher classes" are not to be trusted as the exponents of public opinion, and that the common people are, after all, the people; but because so society has attempted to restrict the traffic in alcoholic liquors, he declares that the right of society in the premises is therefore settled, just as is the right of self-defence. Having settled the question of right in this off-hand manner, he says the only question remaining is whether license or prohibition shall be the remedy selected. "And then he declares that the masses of the people see clearly that prohibition absolute by law is the only remedy. It does not occur to him that the evils of intemperance and poverty are intimately associated, and that with the disappearance of poverty and the improvement of the condition of the laborer would come such incentives and opportunities for mental and social culture as would finally make him temperate through self-respect and knowledge of the effects of intemperance.

That drinking will ever entirely disappear is highly improbable. Even Senator BLAIR says: "The appetite for alcohol is everywhere. It is almost as strong as the love of life, and constitutes an imperative demand." Man will find a way to supply his imperative demands, no matter how many legislative enactments forbid him, but Senator BLAIR thinks he can conquer this appetite, "strong, almost, as the love of life," by cutting off the supply. He would accomplish this through an amendment to the national constitution prohibiting the manufacture, sale, importation, exportation and transportation of intoxicating liquors as beverages, and he would do this by the force of numbers. "There is force enough to win everything," he declares, and then he says legis-

carry papers, and when you want a boy I want you to hire me and give me a trial." That was the right spirit, and on Wednesday of this week he began the delivery of evening papers and will continue his attendance at school before. On Monday during the snow storm he earned a quarter by cleaning sidewalks and felt so thoroughly like a capitalist that he told his little sister that now when she wanted a cent she need not go to her mother, she could call upon him. This boy is now at work. He secured his own place in an independent and manly fashion, and he will succeed. The incident is a good illustration of the theory that boys who want work should hunt it up for themselves.

"FELLER-CITIZEN CHANDLER."

Among the novel and strange experiences in America that MATTHEW ARNOLD will probably long remember and wonder at, not the least memorable will be the decidedly unique antics of the Honorable BILL CHANDLER, by whom the distinguished literary man had the infelicity to be introduced to a Washington audience. The Honorable BILL opened the festivities with the very happy remark that he was sorry CARLISLE had been elected speaker and by addressing the audience of ladies and gentlemen as "fellow-citizens." Being secretary of a formidable navy that has distinguished itself as a commerce destroyer, it was natural that the Honorable BILL should have warlike thoughts and introduce a lecturer on literature with some felicitous allusions to the ability of England and the United States to lick the rest of the world; but it must be confessed that it was a little fresh what Mrs. CORNWALLIS WEST calls the American paragraph.

A learned attorney in a murder case in New York wanted to know of a learned expert in insanity if he didn't think Cain was insane.

"Then you live at Kokomo, Ind.," said a Western railroad man of an odd sort of chap. "Is that where there has been such a big temperance movement?" "Yes, stranger, 1700 have lined the streets and signed the pledge." "What's the chief industry in Kokomo?" "Wall, most of us are carpenters now." "Lots of building in town?" "No, but all the saloons is havin' back and side doors put in; it makes a right smart of work."

A crematory association has been formed in Washington, and Congress is to be asked to give it a charter. A German physician has given a lot on which to erect a crematory similar to that in Washington, Penn. It is expected to reduce the cost of burning a body to \$20.

Brooklyn Eagle: "What are you crying about?" asked a kind-hearted stranger of a lad who was standing in front of a newspaper office weeping as if his heart would break. "Oh, dad's gone up stairs to the editor." "Well, he has come down yet?" pursued the gentle Samaritan. "Pleces of him have," explained the boy, indulging in a fresh outburst of tears, "and I'm expecting the rest every minute."

Concerning the school system in this country the Rochester Union wishes to remark: "Statistics show we spend about \$100,000,000 annually in the pre-tended cause of education. But with all our gulf and it appears that we have not made a day of preparation, can defend itself against the whole united forces of the earth. Our men could leave their work today, lock it up, and be back to work in a week." And the splendor of little Sharts shines on forever.

I know of nothing so cowardly as this Chinese for war or defense. It is contemptible.

For war we come to you, and for defense we have been pensioned or paid. And there are wounds of the brain, of the heart, greater than the loss of legs or arms. Here is a little drama in verse which happened in Ohio a few years ago:

The Old Soldier Tramps.

Yes, bread! I want bread! You heard what I said;

Yes you stand and you stare;

As I never before came a tramp to your door

And you said, "I'm a soldier.

Would I work? Never learned. My home it was

burned; And I haven't yet found

Any place to plough lands and build homes for red

hands.

But burned mine to the ground.

No bread! you have said? Then my curse on you

And, what shall stink worse,

On that who at your side, on those babes in their

Fall my seven-fold curse!

Good-by! I must lari to creep into your barn;

Suck your eggs; hide away;

Stay round like a hound—light a match in your

hay.

Limp away through the graveyard!

Yes, I limp—curse these stones! And then my old

They were riddled with ball,

Down at Shiloh. What you? You war wounded there,

Wall, you beat us—that's all.

Yet even my heart with a stout pride will start

As I tramp. For, you see, it was gallantly done,

As a glorious American victory.

What kind words and bread? God's smiles on your

head!

On your wife, on your babes—and please, sir,

You'll pardon me, sir; but that fight-trenched her

Home—deeply—torn out that day.

No, I'm a soldier! See! You're a friend for me!

And I—Y—read and speak both Latin and Greek;

And I—two hours a day, I'm a scholar!

But my brother, how brave—and—but there—

This training about somehow took my eyes at

At Shiloh! We stood 'neath that hell by the wood—

It's a graveyard, I tell you, I murmur.

Yes, we stood in blood, I tell you, And then the strife passed

On his broad, on his broad, on his broad, on his broad,

But knew that my brother had died.

What wounds on your breast? Your brow tells the

You fought at my side and you fell?

My brother, boy! that stood beside me in that wood

On that fatal, fatal, fatal border of hell!

My brother! My own! Never king on his throne

God bless you, my life; bless your brave Northern

And your beautiful wife, two and three.

noticed to give unquestioned. I do not think the beggars get any too much. If these great men are not of seeing size, let them in the streets, let them be provided for as in Paris, that their unseemly corsets come not between the sweet and the pleasant, listed names of commerce, and the congressmen about bills, the office of member being actually a stepping-stone to that of beggars.

Picayune: Society is very queer. The people most sought after are those who do not pay their debts.

Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette: "The rock upon which most business is built is extravagance in living, and extravagance is a relative term to be measured by the amount expended, but by the income. It is extravagant for the man who makes \$2000 per annum to spend \$3000, and the ultimate result must be failure, but he may make a net profit of \$10,000 a year, and still grow rich."

Dr. Billings, in a lecture at Baltimore, said: "The tendency of city life is for the majority to degenerate and for the family to be destroyed in a majority of cases but fresh and healthy lives pour in from the country, and so concentration of population increases."

Exchange: "I shall teach you to speak properly, and then to write as you speak," said a teacher in the public schools. "Poor Billy Williams," said a little voice, apparently involuntary. "What about Billy?" "Please, ma'am, he speaks through his nose—he will have to write through his nose."

Six young women have just been graduated at the London College of Chemistry, and will begin business life as druggists.

Exchange: Nora went to a funeral and on returning informed her mistress that Mr. Muldown said she was "the life of the wake." A few weeks later she gave notice of her departure, adding that she was about to be married "to the husband of the corpse, mum."

"Bright electric lights of the new world" is what Mrs. CORNWALLIS WEST calls the American paragraph.

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DINING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Three Prisoners of War at a Christmas Dinner.

Saving Six Spoonfuls of Food Daily After Thanksgiving Until the Next Holiday.

Peas, Corn Meal and Corn Coffee the Material of a Feast.

As the guests were rising from a dinner table which had been covered with the good things of the season, one of them said to the hostess: "No one could enjoy a dinner more than I have enjoyed this."

"John will not agree with you," said the hostess, turning toward her husband; "he insists that he helped us to plan and eat a dinner that tasted better than any I ever prepared."

The guests joined in requesting the husband to tell the story of that dinner, and after they had moved to the sitting-room and were comfortably seated, John began:

"On the last Thursday of November, 1864, three of us sat in a shagbark in the prison stockade at Florence, South Carolina. Shagbark was the prison word for a dwelling constructed in this way: An excavation about seven feet in length, six feet in breadth, and two feet in depth was made in the earth, and a wall was independently built on each edge of the excavation inside; outside the surface was sloped. Two crooked sticks driven firmly into the ground, a ridge-pole laid in the crooks, arms braced, a ridge-pole set on the ridge-pole, and fastened to the earth slope with wooden pins, a mud chimney at one end, and a hole for a door at the other finished the building.

"It was in the afternoon. We had received our daily rations—about three tablespoonsful of goulash, or cow peas, and a little over a pint of corn-meal—had cooked and eaten them, and were sitting on the ground floor. The mud walls were so thick and the mud floor so rank that upon the chimney, which was meant to represent a human figure, in a moment of art enthusiasm one of us, a Kentucky cavalryman, had fastened a small American flag to its waist, and it would have made a tobacconist's Indian spirit its wooden sides with laughter. But our thoughts were as sallow as our faces."

"At the same time the Iowa man spoke: 'Boys, it must be Thanksgiving day at home, and my folks are just about through their dinner. I don't believe they cared much for it.'

"We were silent for a while. I was the first to speak:

"Well, boys, we mustn't think about home or any one there. We all know what that means. I want my boys laid in New York, where I was born. I know we had a mean Thanksgiving dinner, and it does seem as though we ought to look after our men, but we can't do that. We are all here for; we are alive yet, and we may get home after all. Thanksgiving's gone, but we live until Christmas. We have a home, and won't be hungry."

"How?" inquired my two comrades, eagerly.

"We won't feel much hunger than we do now if we each have by a spoonful of meal and a spoonful of good soup every day from now until Christmas, and I think our savings

Will Make a Dinner That Will Be Satisfying."

"After some discussion as to the relative strength of our appetites and our wills, it was decided to lay by our six spoonfuls of food every day, all agreeing that the spoonfuls should not be heated but even. I dreamed that night of feasting on all the good things in the way of food that I had ever had in my life."

"The next day we had to go to work to the year round if it were properly distributed. Why should all the turkeys and the geese die in our hospitals?" We made a fast day of diversion, and the next day, not without great difficulty, lay it aside, and send in its bills for the 1st of January! Christmas is in fact a sort of ecclesiastic accumulation, and the sum total of these bills, when added to the cost of the Christmas, was the amount of the bill for the 1st of January!"

"The Festival of the Birth of Christ

was celebrated by different communities of the early Christians in many ways, and to this day we do not know the fourth century that the present season was definitely fixed upon. This is said to have been the act of Julian I, Pope of Rome, A. D. 337-352.

It is not to be doubted that the end of December does not represent the true anniversary, and there is reason to believe that the date was chosen to be the 25th of December, in order that the church might have a date to which the congregation would frequently resort the church in a body to join the roistering revelers under his command.

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It is not to be doubted that the end of December does not represent the true anniversary, and there is reason to believe that the date was chosen to be the 25th of December, in order that the church might have a date to which the congregation would frequently resort the church in a body to join the roistering revelers under his command.

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The Corsair of the South Seas.

A TALE OF

Love, Crime and Retribution.

By MRS. C. W. DENISON.

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CHAPTER VIII

MAD!

It was moonlight, and the damps of evening lay in glistening droplets upon the greenish shadows fell all around the house at Beechgrove, one of them moving. It was that of a woman closely wrapped up—hood and cloak fastened, so that only her head and the folds of her cloak or the tips of her fingers could be seen. Bending in the mansion, the dim light shining from one or two windows told that the dim-night lamp of sickness was still alight. It was what I had been told, the damp, for it had been raining earlier, and the atmosphere was yet quite humid. After crossing the long yard she opened a gate in the back, and hurried away into a lane, the shadows of trees that were a century old, then she crossed a field, creeping painfully under the boughs, her strength would not allow her to run. The road led down a narrow, steep road to the shallow bed that had once been a river, now in occasional strips and coverings of sand and seaweed—the latter black, broken and sharp, like an iron combed over all the waste. Here stood a solitary cottage, inhabited by a fisherman, who, having long since given up the business of catching fish, was in the great need, had taken to herbs and fortune-telling, by which he gained a subsistence.

To this miserable place, half in ruins, the woman hurried, and as she entered the house at the time before the heavy bolt was drawn, and the lean, cadaverous form and face of the fisherman appeared at the opening. He was not prepossessing; this is to say, he was ugly. His eyes were small, his forehead protuberant, his eyebrows dark and bushy, his hair scant, his mouth wide and almost repulsive.

"Ah, Mrs. Witchens, it's me," said Mrs. Witchens, with a weary expression gathered in his face; "come in—I'm happy. I'm a thief, a churlish one yes, but I see to Mrs. Witchens's comfort."

The room was small, smoky and not over clean. A dirty table—dirty with the remains of a supper not elegantly served—stood between two opposite corners, and the light could scarcely find its way in the daytime.

"Do you know, Mr. Mullet, what has been done today?" she asked.

"Well, Mr. Mullet, there's very nearly been a murder committed up to house."

"Well, a number of Beechwood—pray, what do you mean, Mrs. Housekeeper? I've not heard of it."

"Ah, Mrs. Witchens, but I didn't mean to make you feel bad," the girl was silent till her mistress spoke.

"What news, Miss Isabel?"

"About the mother and sister of—of—"

"Of, of Captain St. Jude, poor dear? Well, my cousin, I'm sure, the young man who is the Irish brogue, lately promoted sergeant. And as I told her, if she marries him she deserves to suffer, but the difference in the two is, that one of his sisters lies at the point of death, all through that dreadful murder."

"The colonel and Deckrow entered the house in the evening, and they were met by Miss Isabel, who I am sure, had a candle to the young captain. Ah! I am so sorry!"

"I am sorry, Captain St. Jude," she cried, breathlessly.

"The poor young man. Do you know, Miss Isabel, I used to put you and him together and think what a match you would make?"

"That was foolish, Miss, but she shook down a small tear.

"And I did fancy, too—but not for long, that he would be a good match for you."

"To shoot quails, Mrs. Witchens, never thinking of the other dreadful thing. Pray what did he do?"

"Nearly killed Miss Rhoda, up to Beechwood."

"The man sat staring at me."

"Yes, he did, and he did, and he did, and he did."

"Yes, he'd been a step nearer one way or the other, he would have gone through her heart. It was all right."

"And you did trust him with a gun?"

"To shoot quails, Mrs. Witchens, never thinking of the other dreadful thing. Pray what did he do?"

"Gracious, ma'am, is that it? Why, certainly he did, for the first time. I hope he's done no mischief. He was that right, Mrs. Witchens, I'd a fact, he was that right. He had a sharp and shining blade, truly I would."

"And you did trust him with a gun?"

"To shoot quails, Mrs. Witchens, never thinking of the other dreadful thing. Pray what did he do?"

"No matter what it is; you told me you could cure it."

"And he is like it. Look at the young man—so wild when he come that I'd to lock him and bolt him. Everything must be forcible then—now he's as quiet as a church mouse in the hospital though, but he do, do, do, I only know that word and he's subdued in a minute. Well, well, and he to come home chuckling, so with his beard all pulled away—"

"He is wild again, Mr. Mullet. If he does any more such mischief I must put him in the hospital, and you know my way. I'd rather keep him in my room, but I've got a permanent fit, he will get wild again, determined to inherit a snug little fortune, perhaps. I may say that I have thought him improving the last six months."

"Wonderfully, madam, wonderfully!" said the ex-fisherman; "there be few, though I say it, could have the courage that I have over him. Being the only man in the world that has any right to have his advantages, for not only can I see King's and St. Anthony's dance, lumbago's and rheumatism and bairns by the touch of my hand, but I have a power."

"Yes, I know, I know," said Mrs. Witchens, cutting short the long harangue that usually accompanied the recital of his wonderful qualities as a medicine man.

"I am a medical man, and I have to say to you to-night that if you succeeded in restoring his reason, you shall have a handsome reward; indeed, do not mind telling you that a thousand pounds would be a gratuity—that is," she added blithely, "if all things go on as well as they seem to be going."

"Yes, I understand; I certainly will do my best for him."

"Even then I should not, of course, introduce him as my son, but my nephew. My son is dead," she added, impressively.

"Oh, I understand that, too," he said, with a significant look.

"Is he asleep? Can I see him?" queried the housekeeper.

"He sleeps over his books till after 9," said the old man.

"Then I will go in."

He arose from his seat, and the woman followed him, a stout, but neatly furnished room, at the further end of which, dressed in dark clothes, sat a young man, apparently some 22 or 23 years old. He looked up as the two came near him, and his eyes, which were dark and lustrous, gleamed, then as suddenly grew quiet as he turned his head.

"He is a pretty boy," said his mother quietly.

"He is a pretty boy," she said, and the woman followed him out.

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